that".

--Let us agree that it was I who thrust myself upon the Barinsgadat the Dodges in my insane and insatiable desire for flattery. Seriously, I dont blame you, or Katharine Furse or myself, for the amiable impulse which prompts one to say Oh do come and meet my friends--' I never meant to imply that I did. All I say is that these adorable impulses are the devil--because one cant deal with them codly with printed forms ~~codly~~ they rouse one's feelings; One sees that it is goodness and kindness that prompts it. And hence my difficulty; hence my fainting.

But, to exonerate myself, here are two of the letters that I get most days--and heres the answer I invariably send. Now no more. The whole thing is insoluble. V

as ever.

I admit that I'm so much that I get cross the most intense pleasure in life from "seeing people"— Dodge Barrys Thats, not Scarborough & Hughes.

By the way, it strikes me that the last applicant for an interview to whom, unwisely as I come to think, an interview was granted was — who do you suppose — Ethel Smyth! Do you know that lady? If so, tell her with my love, not only has she blasted my best time the talks of "loving me. Knowing me, working to rescue me, I shall understand that she upon to a lady in a low coloured tea gown, who work a lap dog, a fountain pen, a habit of writing her name with a flourish across what she calls photos & the celebrated authoress.

Rota 2.4.43

Monks Horne,
Redmell. July 28th 1932

I'm sorry to have been so long in writing, but this is
the very first evening I've had to myself since I saw you.
But I've been thinking over what you say, & the whole
position. And what I want to make clear at once
is that I don't think that the actual cause of the quarrel is
of any importance. I entirely accept your statement
that you did not mean to hurt me by what you said —
indeed I am sure that ~~I gathered~~ nothing was further from your
mind. But that doesn't do away with the fact which
I admit seems to me much more serious — that there
are misunderstandings between us do happen — one last summer, one
this. And as you say that you never quarrel with
your other friends, & as I certainly never quarrel with mine,
the fact does seem to point to some incompatibility between us.
But that again would not do much matter, to me at least,
though it is of course very unfortunate. ~~that~~ the fact. What I do
find harassing & unnerving & odious to an extent that
I don't think you realise is the resulting 'scene'. I
think I told you last summer how I loathed it. Last week
after our letter I was in dread that the same thing might
happen again. I purposely told you that I could only be for
for an hour & a half; & I did my best to avoid the subject.
I think you will admit that it was entirely owing
to you that it was discussed at all. And to me the

memory of that discussion is one of such horror – it makes me feel so degraded – so humiliated – as I used to feel after a scene with Nelly – that – well, I don't see how I'm to see anyone easily, or write, or speak freely to any one who may insist upon a scene like that again. At the same time I quite understand that you may be perfectly right to wish to clear things up in talk – that it is not your fault if you are violent as you say you are – that I am, quite probably, unreasonably disgusted & sickened (not only by you – by myself also) when such scenes take place. But, given our obvious tendency to misunderstand each other more than we misunderstand other people, & given the fact that such scenes are not particularly hateful to you, or that you feel them to be necessary, I admit that the future does seem to me full of difficulty.

But please don't think that in saying this I blame you. I don't. I have the highest admiration for generous affection. But this seems to conceal what I know to be my own behaviour: or the very great effect they have on me. Last night for instance I dreamt through the whole of that scene again, woke with a horror of you, a horror of myself. But I expect you will understand the position without further description – all I want to make clear is that the difficulty for me lies there, not in the misunderstanding which I have no doubt was fantastic, as you say.

V.

Rota 2. V. 63

Monks House,
Sunday 7th & Monday 8th.
August. 1932

I was just about to write to you when I heard of Jocelin Withinson's death. I had not even heard he was ill. This has rather than me round into another mood. I had known him off & on, for even so many years; & become much more intimate lately - the same sort of intimacy I had with Lytton some others: though of course not me nearly so close as with Lytton Still — he was the most charming of men - the most spiritual. ~~Good~~ - but it odd how the curtain seems about to fall sometimes! what with Lytton death, Carrington's death, now Jocelin's death — all people who have gone in a strange life there last twenty years. — But no more. I only wanted to explain how I cant at the moment pick up what I was going to say - cant get back into the mood. The main thing was I think that though I quite accept what you say - that you can control yourself. That there'll be no more scenes — still I'm left doubting — This is rather a critical & critical part of friendship when one has to be controlled & on one's best behaviour! Doesn't the need point, as I said, to some queer, ~~not~~ no, not queer, incompatibility between us: I dont see that this is to be wondered at, after all. We are both extreme in character. And then we met late in life, & then, as you say, I dont know your friends nor you mine, so that the natural background is missing. But what is important is that I respect that your virtues are part of your virtues — & so are my exaggerations & obtuseness: part of mine. If we have to control ourselves

I to control ourselves so much more than me need
Dimensioning over our headlias light? Yes. I dont understand the
system on which your mind works, by nature. When you say for example
that you're going to write something about me: publish parts of my letters —
I am flattered. I mean I wouldnt do such a thing where you're
concerned to save my life. NYPL Get to you it seems natural — right —
amusing — a joke? I dont know what. I mean, I dont blame: I dont
praise: I simply dont understand. I see this as an instance as
the most anything that happens between two people as different as we are;
& how bewilder my view. I'm not attempting to sum up, nor
coming to a conclusion. I make these rough notes for your information.
And solely because I feel the value of the thing study — our relationship.
Obtuse & variable as I am, I still think, correctly, nothing more
important than relationships — that they should be sound, free
from hypocrisies, flummeries, balances —
well: a Mr. Pankhurst used to say; so conveniently making an end of
one topic & going on to another. Its may not have: I am connecting
proofs: we have a good many visitors one way or another. Thank none
yet. praise be the Lord. Staying in the house. Tomorrow is our
London day. And then my mother-in-law comes over. And then
I shan — I've got a mass of things I want to write, but cant get down to
them till I've done the sheer unattractive drudgery of proof correcting — in this
case more than ever dreary; for I wrote Donne: & they misquote: I have to
look up Dante, Sidney, & Spenser — oh how I hate facts: but still more,
misquoting facts. No: I thought Elizabeth looking particularly
well; but then it was the evening: see more challenging. Anyhow,
looks dont count much either way. My brother is catching: & his lady
wants to break with him: & Vera thinks she ought to tell him so.
That is what is happening in Surrey at the moment. And the labourer
party is meeting in the drawing room tonight, & I must positively greet the man
who built the bungalow. And now for more proofs. I must to work. Thus
crawl again; but leave it to you to decipher, not only the hand, but the
meaning.

V.

Rec'd 2.4.19

Monday
Forgot to post this up: received; correcting proof.

Monks Horne
Sunday 14th
August 1932

Well Ethel dear be a kind Christian woman
& write me a friendly letter & don't be a black tabby
but my old uncastrated wild cat - Item am I
in bed after falling in a faint among the roses
on Monday evening precisely as I fell 2
years ago. Really & truly not my fault this time.
We had L's mother & brother to lunch - it was
that very hot day - we sat out in the garden: the
old lady was raving - almost brought tears to
my eyes - gave me an old hair of hers to hear her raving
& then: a ray. I drooped down: but it
wasn't as bad as last time, I got her into
muddled in the head, I'm all right today -
shall get up for luncheon. L. rang up
our dr. in London who says it's clearly
nothing but the heat. I'll stay quiet for a
day or two & shall be all right. So
that all the medical details.

I've been thinking

meanwhile that I probably wrote with undue
acerbity about your intended Saturday article. I didn't
Catch your meaning — I thought it was to be about me,
wrongly: I mean one of your brilliant + searching
Theakes ~~Gloom~~ of memory: & you know how well. I thought
you'd put in a great deal more than I'd like public to see.
for I'm rather nervously peevishly about personalities, as
I get so much heckled by journalists for Bloomsbury,
High Bohemia. & both. But if it's about Lady B.
Maurice Barry. & Mr. Pan: & on, NYPL why not go ahead?
& have me out? I should enjoy that — them in a mood —
positively immensely. Yes: I do it brilliantly, & they
wouldn't mind: it's only my perverted — & personal appearance: you will understand. If
you didn't figure as a novelist, I shouldn't mind.

Well — (how I like ## Pankhurst for that
& convenient of style) I am nervously contemplating
getting up, finding stockings & dress (not to the winds
or Thursday. How we odd, hymn in the stars, &
seeing the flowers dance above my head. I'm
reading names of big sticking books: & how Edgar Wallace
dictated 70,000 words in a week-end: & I'd like to
read one of Ethel's most violent, disruptive, abruptive,
self-jealous, catastrophic, panoramic, I can't think of
any other adjectives — effusions. This deliciously shady, cool.
My room is nothing but door window & garden.
Tomorrow I shall be up & correcting
proofs.

V.

Monks House. Aug 18th 1932

Oh it was very nice to get your letter Ethel, your
uncensored letter. I laughed heartily over the lunch party,
& Lady Rayleigh back in the air. My Cambridge friends
assert that Mrs Jedwick is a miracle of intellect still — only
ordained to be silent. But my brain is all dust —
& ashes. I shant ~~get~~ get a mark with a poker today.
Lord how hot it is here — the downs sizzling above the
marsh: the village sunk in portentous silence. Dim inside
below but I dare do more than crawl from my bedroom to my
lodge, holding a parasol to placate L. who follows
me like a dog — about the faint — I wish I could
satisfy you morbid curiosity, but am back about 10
times with moments — I could write 3 volumes — but
odd bits to leak through the mind suddenly: so violently.
It was sit in the afternoon: but after dinner, sitting in the terrace,
in the cool. I was looking at Saturn & thinking how to
the night of a bombing differs from cool nights — thinking
about all that was cool & quiet — the white wool clouds
the meadows when suddenly my heart leapt: stopped:
ran away, like a fawn in hand. I cant stop it, I said.
Lord, now it is in my head. This bounding must not must
break something. So I said "I'm going to faint" & hid down

I lay flat on the floor at Li Jat - He dashed out to the home -
Came back with the ice tray of the fridjidaire, which he put under
my neck. And then I thought my swimming under the sea: he says it
lasted 30 minutes. Then the pounding seemed; & he helped me up:
& I felt very faint - trees; flowers. stretching, fading: & I thought I
could never get to the home - really that was painful, walking -
fainting, but I did: & flopped on the bed: & said to L. with my
usual sense, would it be a good thing to use the Po?
Certainly he said & I used it: & began shaking: & he said
Can you take your temperature? But I couldn't hold the tube in my
hand, I did later, & instead of being very high as the Dr. expected,
it was very low: & gradually I became sleepy & comfortable. only
afraid to move, or ask my limbs were upstairs. & so fell asleep
& woke, drowsy, sleepy, content - & that's all. L. rang up the Dr.
who is seeing a Specialist who knows about heat fainting, will
welcome us. But there's no need. There is nothing whatever wrong with me.
I've always had what they call an intermittent pulse, &
that - so a heart Dr told me - tires the heart, makes it sometimes, to strain
but the heart is perfectly sound, strong, & loving as for Knees.
And this pulse bid is infinitely better now than it was 10 years ago.
Are those facts enough?

I'm sorry Lydia, I must ask her about the Ballet.
She is rather touchy now about her dancing & afraid to say the
least little; but sometimes is overcome, like an old warhorse, by the
sound of music & goes back. What Vanessa's up to, I don't know:
but I'm sure she'll do the scenery of its decided on, since she
likes that sort of job: & I'm just made myself a life member of
Sadlers Wells: & everybody seems in favour of new ballets -
Modern Decoration. Roger, my father used to do it between lectures by
Professor Smyth in order to see him bent into tears at the mention
of Marie Antoinette.

V.

NYPL

Monk Horne

Sunday # 21st Aug. 1932

Ah-hah— the heat wave has broken & we are all cool again. The hottest spell suddenly here — a cold, sinister yellow wind rushed through the garden about 2: as if a lid had been opened & air escaped from a cauldron. Our thermometer fell) dont know how many degrees: then rose: then fell with a thud. Do we went to Lewes after tea & bought our weekly groceries & after that walked on the down above Lewes, & everybody was walking out too, like prisoners escaped — dogs bounding, hoses flattening, wind blowing — everything wheeled — how queer it looked: & I saw one old vagabond sitting under a furze bush, making a cushion of flowers for his head, either by way of thanksgiving, or a wreath for his corpse, or for like it. All the hills red blue & purple down flowers were strewn round him. We had thunder at night of course, but not very tremendous, only enough to start the Promenade Concerts which we were listening. Odd — there was a crack of lightning over Cabaret, & instantly Mozart went zigzag too. Modern life is a very complicated affair — why not some sudden revelation of the meaning of everything, one night — I think it might happen. Are you, in a more humble way, [illegible] attending the Queen's Hall? I must make a note to listen.

As you gather, I'm much the better for this relief. I can't pretend to any
Kind of illness now, though I insist when treating me like the
Prince who fell a bed through 6 mattresses. Which have feathers
feet are much more alarming to the onlookers than to merely
He wanted, against my wish, to have our London Dr., Elly Rendel,
Lytton Cecil, down the other day: but I said that would be
useless, & I refused to have the local man, who takes me as a blunder
would a very fine watch. The Medicine is Much away. Lighted
it paid off now. And the only interesting symptom — my
Spine swollen & burning & tender at the 3rd Knob from the top —
no doctor can account for. Its nerve Exhaustion they say: I
don't know what it means. My tongue is so pure Leonard is
fresh with envy: ah my ills come from the lump of
nerves in my spine, which are tied to my heart. But
Laugh & breath. I've dare my proofs in spite of the heat. —
am lolling & lan guishing in a luxury of indolence.
The Keynes's came over; & I was most anxious that
you should realise that the can't dance in your ballet simply
because of this rich world Jealousy in the heart of
other dancers of the day. This, in the awkward position
of being the patroness, & has to take great care to
spare out the work equally, as they all
starving. 2 the rich. They hadn't heard your
name yet, but were highly appreciative when, in your
Cohacity of unlaw fully cut. Shaped was much
impressed; & thought your military dress must account
for the dominating martial energy with which you
vanquished even those who agree with you. You in a

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Great compliment from Maynard, who rules all Cambridge & has the whole
of Kings in his pocket. Was your father a Jute general by the way? —
Did he ever kill a man — the father of the ancestor of the
Cat?
Give you, as I hope. Going on with your Lectures, Lady
Balfour, McBarney, Hot-pourri — is that what they're
called? Please do, just to show there's no ill feeling. Work
all of them in; I'm just as well left out. And my feeling
against these personal appearances is really no fake. My
publicity is already too much for me — not that I'm modest: not at
all. But limelight is bad for me: the light in which I work
best is twilight. And I'm threatened with 3 more books
upon me: Hotley has induced another publisher to print her

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Rota 2.4.63